

The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 5044. 號四十四卷五第 一月五十二年一月五日

HONGKONG, WEDNESDAY, 14TH JANUARY, 1874.

三種 號四十月正英 港香

PRICE \$2 PER MONTH.

Arrivals.

Jan. 13, NAMOA, Brit. str., 362, G. T. Westoby, Penang 26th December, Singapore 2nd January, and Saigon 7th, General D. LA PRAIR & Co.

Jan. 13, H.I.C.M. g.b. PENG-CHAO-HOI, 600, Palmer, from Fu-tow-moon.

Jan. 13, CUTTY SARK, Swan, bark, 474, P. W. Worth, Bangkok 10th December.

Rice—CHINESE.

Departures.

Jan. 13, YESSO, str., for Whampoa.

Jan. 13, CANADIENS, for Manila.

Jan. 13, HINDUSTAN, str., for Singapore and Calcutta.

Jan. 13, BATA, for Manila.

Jan. 13, YUNG-CHING, str., for Shanghai.

Jan. 13, BANIAN, for Manila.

Jan. 13, MAGNUS, for Saigon.

Clearances.

AT THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE—
JANUARY 13TH.
Hindustan, str., for Singapore and Calcutta.
Dongola, str., for East Coast.
Kingbridge, for Kobe.

Passengers.

For NAMOA, str., from Penang, &c.—
291 Chinese.
Per Cutty Sark, from Bangkok.—
20 Chinese.

Per Hindustan, str., for Singapore, &c.—
For Singapore and Penang—338 Chinese.
For Calcutta—Mr. and Mrs. Leroy, Messrs. Meyer, Gibby, Benjamin, McLaren, McDonald, 2 Europeans and 3 Indians.

Report.

The Siamese bark Cutty Sark reports left Bangkok 15th December, had steady N.E. monsoon throughout the China Sea. Spoke the Danish bark Kronprinses on the 1st January, in lat. 13° N., and long. 113° E., bound for Bangkok to Shanghai, having left on the 8th December.

The British steamship Nansen reports left Penang on the 28th, and left on January 2d; arrived in Saigon on the 8th, left again on the 7th; arrived in Hongkong on the 13th, at 10.30 A.M.; from Penang to Singapore, light variable winds and slightly weather; from thence to Hongkong strait; N.E. monsoon and heavy sea.

Vessels Expected at Hongkong.
(Corrected to Date.)

Arrivals.—From D. LA PRAIR & Co.

THE "CHRONICLE & DIRECTORY" FOR 1874.

NOW READY.

THIS Work, now in the TWELFTH year of its existence, is ready for delivery.

It has been compiled and printed at the Daily Press Office, as usual, from the best and most authentic sources, and no pains have been spared to make the work complete in all respects.

In addition to the usual varied and voluminous information, the value of the "CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY FOR 1874" has been further augmented by a

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH

OF A LAN OF THE CITY OF CANTON,

THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF SHANGHAI.

A Chromo-Lithograph Plate of the NEW CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE AT THE PEAK;

see p.

THE VARIOUS HOUSE FLAGS (Designed expressly for this Work)

MAPS OF HONGKONG, JAPAN,

and of the

THE COAST OF CHINA,

besides other local information and statistics corrected to date of publication, tending to make this work in every way suitable for Public, Merchantile, and General Offices.

The Directory is published in Two

Volumes, complete at \$5; or with the Lists of Residents, Port Directories, Maps, &c., at \$3.

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Hainan, Canton, and Fuzhou.....C. & J. Trading Co., Hainan, Canton, and Fuzhou.

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London.....Mr. C. D. Ross, Japan Gazette.

London.....Messrs. J. D. Lottza & Co., London.

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London.....Mr. C.

Extracts.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.
The winds are brawling.
The leaves are falling.
The fast resounding.
That summer is ended.
The flowers are dying.
The birds are flying.
The paths want drying.
The roads are mended.
The rose has faded.
The sky's powdered.
We're all in need.
The sun's not rising.
The green lawn yellow.
The hills are mellow.
And some poor fellows
Have sought the parish.

My cords are throbbing.
The rain is sobbing.
Unhapples the boughs.
About, unheeding;
While mourns the dir.
The sun's a-dim.
The riches trial
Is still preceding.

The roads are slimy.
The dogs are weary.
The men are weary.
The child's unceasing.

Though with its glories,
The summer's over.
We've looked the tortes,
And that's a blessing!—Punch.

LINCOLN'S JOKES.

I was once in Mr. Lincoln's company when sectarian discussion arose. No himself looked very grave, and made no observation until all the others had finished what they had to say. Then, with a twinkle of the eye, he remarked that he preferred the Episcopalian to every other, because they are equally indifferent to a man's religion and his politics. It happened that at one time a blockade-runner going out of Charleston-harbour was captured, and on board of her were found certain despatches from the Spanish Consul in that city for his own Government. These despatches were very injuriously opened by the captors, and then forwarded to the State Department at Washington. Mr. Seward, immediately after he received them, sent for the Spanish Minister, Mr. Tassan, and with expressions of regret that the envelopes had been tampered with, offered him the despatches. The Minister, highly indignant, declined to receive them. Then Mr. Seward proposed to forward them to their destination through the medium of our own agents. This proposal was equally unacceptable, and the Secretary of State was at a loss what to do. He shortly afterwards explained the difficulty to the President, whom it reminded of a "little story." "When I lived in Indiana," he said, "there resided very near us an old negro known as 'Uncle Josh.' He was a very pious darkey, but was so infirm that it was impossible for him to go to the neighbouring school-house to listen to an itinerant preacher who might happen to discourse there on a Sunday. However, in order to make up as far as possible for his own inability to attend, he always compelled his grandchildren to go; and they were required not only to recollect the text, but also to be able to give the old man some account of the sermon. On one occasion Methodist came and preached. He told the congregation that there were two kinds of people in this world—Methodists and Baptists—that the Methodists followed a road that led to heaven, and the Baptists one that led to hell. The next Sunday there presented himself a hardy Baptist, who had heard about the sermon of his Methodist brother. He told his auditors that it was true that there were two kinds of people in the world—Methodists and Baptists—and that they followed different roads; but that it was the Baptist road that led to heaven, and the Methodist road that led to hell. When Uncle Josh heard this, he scolded his wool and said: 'Each one says that there are only two roads, and that his own leads to heaven and the other to hell. Well, this old nigger will go across lots!' Seward, you will have to go across lots!"—*Minell B. Field.*

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

Few of the present generation think of the Rev. Edward Irving except perhaps as a superstitious enthusiast; yet, with all his eccentricities, he was a man eminently worth knowing and listening to. Educated to the Scottish Church, his powers as a public teacher, brilliant at once legal, were first discovered by Dr. Chalmers, whose assistant he was for three years. Within a few months after he was called to the Caledonian Church, Hart-garden, London, he became the most popular preacher of his day. Tickets of admission, by which alone outsiders could have a chance to hear him, were eagerly sought after; and the two which admitted my father and myself were obtained as a special favour. The highest nobility, the most eminent men of science, literary and fashionable celebrities, famous beauties, judges, distinguished harriers, noted members of Parliament, all pressed in crowds to his weekly services. We found every street led to his church literally encumbered with stylish equipages; and though we had gone early, it was with great exertions that we penetrated the excited, throng, barely in time to get seats. But we were rewarded. The personal appearance of this speaker at once arrested my attention. Over six feet high, limbs and body finely proportioned, the ample forehead surmounted by a mass of jet-black hair, part in the centre and drooping in ears on his shoulders; the features regular and expressive, especially the piercing black eyes (their effect somewhat marred, however, by a squint); a steady bearing, and a majestic style of eloquence, such as might befit an apostle, conscious of a mission from on high; gestures sometimes, indeed, *out of*, even fantastic, yet often startlingly emphatic—everything about him was strange, strong, telling. The man himself and his weird aspect at first engrossed one's thoughts; yet when he fairly warmed to his subject, and the stirring tones of a voice at once persuasive and commanding gradually assuaged their magnetic power, one forgot the speaker and all his peculiarities. Listening, not to the words, but the thoughts, fiery and earnest—thoughts, one instinctively felt, that had their origin down in the depths of conscientious conviction. Wedlock was the theme; and it was treated by comparing with the true marriage of soul and spirit the fashionable espousals, based on mercenary, motive and worldly calculation. First he pourtrayed, in terms which lost none of their force by quaint old turns of expression, the self-forgetting devotion of two faithful hearts. "They see through a sweet glamour," he said, "yet what they see is more real than all other sublimer things. How fair and pleasant are they to each other, yes, altogether lovely! All that is blithe and beautiful upon earth is the interpreter of their love. The voice of birds echoes it. The flowers fresh with heaven's dew are its exponents. The world of happiness is where she is; he has none other. Everything about her has an unutterable charm. Her eyes are dove's eyes; and they overcome him; her breath is like the zephyr that has swept the spires of Araby. Yet there is between them a mutual enchantment far deeper, more holy, than any idolatry of man. When they stand by day and night; in dream; her soul waketh; to his image. He counts his life as nothing for her sake; the world of happiness is where she is; he has none other. Everything about her has an unutterable charm. Her eyes are dove's eyes; and they overcome him; her breath is like the zephyr that has swept the spires of Araby. Yet there is between them a mutual enchantment far deeper, more holy, than any idolatry of man. When they stand by day and night; in dream; her soul waketh; to his image. 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